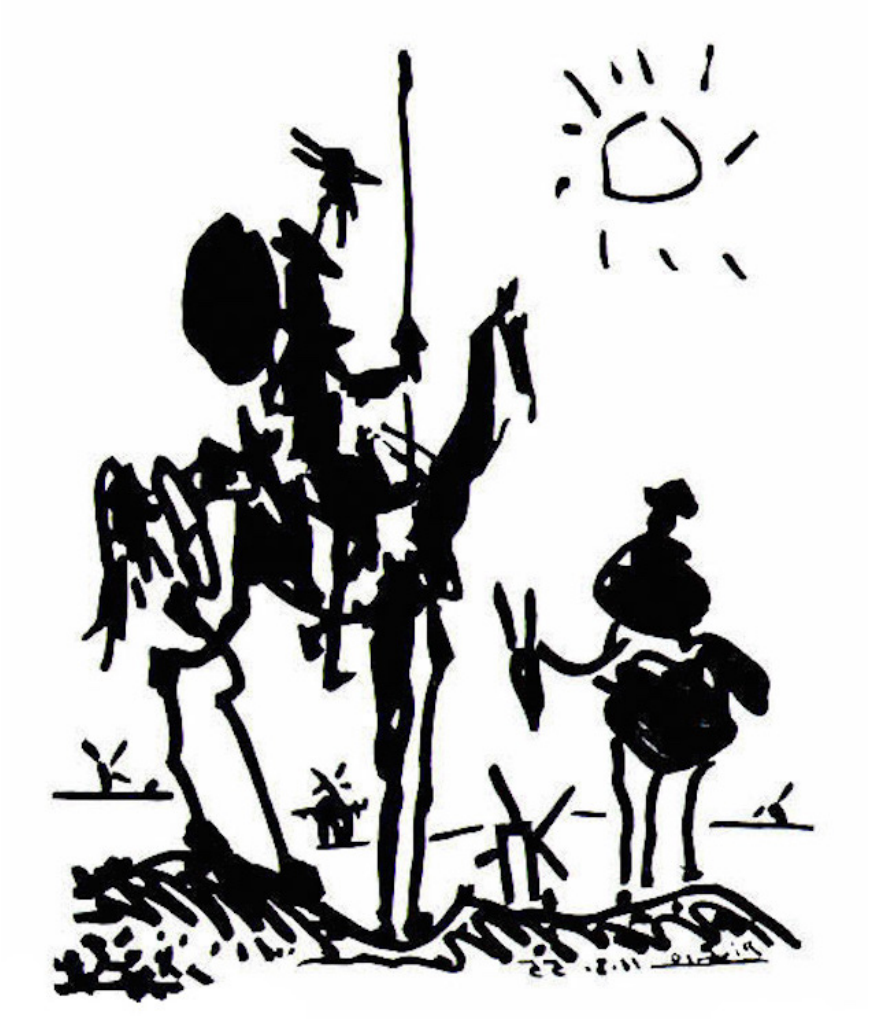
Of Noise & Silence

Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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You are older than the stars, younger than the moment ~ Yaj Ekim

Preface

Greetings,

While chatting with an online friend, Joseph T. McMahon, about a treatise of quotes on silence he has been working on – as well as his "Peace Is Already Here" website, and "Maha Mauna (The Great Silence)" and "Embodiment of Silence" Facebook pages – it occurred to me to take a look at all that had been written about it since I began scribing in 1989. As might be expected, the creative juices took hold, and this is the PDF result, with a rabbit hole wander of thoughts from all the major titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, the seven Breadcrumbs titles, and The Return to Wonder.

This work is blogged at:

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com/

And links to Joseph T. McMahon's contributions:

Peace Is Already Here
https://www.peaceisalreadyhere.com/

Maha Mauna (Great Silence)
https://www.facebook.com/groups/166379210455377/

Embodiment of Silence
https://www.facebook.com/groups/1745901259183074

The Shadow of the Divine Feminine
https://ofaphilosophicalnature.blogspot.com/2021/09/the-shadow-of-divine-feminine.html

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. "Yay" if it is your fate to figure it out. "Oh well" if it is not. And "so it goes" either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never

been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

“The Return to Wonder” blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind’s eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. The keywords used to select the following content include: Silen (Silence, Silent), quiet, noise, cacophony.

P.P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2019
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Breadcrumbs 2020
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Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.pdf

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.pdf

History, History & More History
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Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
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Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
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Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
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Science, Science & More Science
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Titles, Titles & More Titles
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Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles
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The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
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Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofthehumanjourney.pdf

The Mystery of the Mystery
https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/themysteryofthemysteryseries.pdf

The Real is Discovering
https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com
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To Be, or Not to Be
https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thetobeornottobeseries.pdf

Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf

Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.pdf

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
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The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
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Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Silence: A Definition

silence | ˈsīləns |

noun

complete absence of sound:
sirens pierce the silence of the night | an eerie silence descended over the house.

• the fact or state of abstaining from speech:
Karen had withdrawn into sullen silence | she was reduced to silence for a moment |
we finished our meal in silence.

• the avoidance of mentioning or discussing something:
politicians keep their silence on the big questions.

• the state of standing still and not speaking as a sign of respect for someone deceased
or in an opportunity for prayer: a moment of silence presided over by a local minister.

verb [with object]

1 prohibit or prevent from speaking: she was silenced by the officer's stern look |
the team's performance silenced their critics | freedom of the press cannot be silenced by tanks.

• stop or suppress (a sound or noise);
cause to become silent: she silenced the alarm on her phone.

2 Genetics suppress or prevent the expression of (a gene or genetic material):
many inherited disorders are caused by a mutation that silences a gene.

noun

1 the sound of falling stones broke the silence of the night.
quietness, quiet, quietude, still, stillness, hush, tranquility, noiselessness,
soundlessness, peace, peacefulness, peace and quiet.
ANTONYMS sound, noise.

2 she was reduced to silence.
speechlessness, wordlessness, voicelessness, dumbness, muteness;
taciturnity, reticence, uncommunicativeness, unresponsiveness.
ANTONYMS speech; loquacity.

3 politicians keep their silence on the big
issues. secretiveness, secrecy, reticence, taciturnity, uncommunicativeness, concealment.
ANTONYMS communication, communicativeness.

verb

1 he silenced her with a kiss |
Barnes has failed to silence his critics.
hush, shush, still; gag, muzzle, censor, stifle;
British English quieten; North American English quiet.

2 the ventilator also silences outside noises.
muffle, deaden, soften, mute, smother, dampen, damp down, tone down, mask, suppress, reduce, abate; extinguish, kill.
ANTONYMS amplify.

3 cheap nuclear power would silence complaints from industry.
stop, put an end to, put a stop to, cut short, suppress.
ANTONYMS occasion, encourage.

The Stillness Before Time

V

You may sit quietly and breathe with your eyes wide open or tightly shut;
Chant spiritual songs or hum mantras until your mind is three shades of blue;
Practice every sort of rigid, dogmatic, death-defying diet or prescribed exercise;
Submit to ancient beliefs, rituals, and traditions; wear costumes and deify symbols;
Practice any discipline, worship any form your mind or another's might conjure;
Real meditation is the serene awareness of every moment's birth and death,
And no system is required to discern and freely perceive your birthright.

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey; its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve, very much alone, in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space and time, of consciousness, with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery, born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces, in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading. One that attempts to look beyond humankind's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions. One that values insight and wisdom. One that elevates rather than detracts. One that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball garden, and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique, among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will, toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis, awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them, must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since long before history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance, has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate, for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations, to create solutions to problems, all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped, that time and space, do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions, the choices, each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing, of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow, with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises, and compromising, shortsighted decisions. Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity, to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic

solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis, well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant, in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out, in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples, crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs, each and every one of us envision and translate differently. Thoughts of culture, tradition, ethnicity, gender, morality, currency, politics, religion, ad infinitum, inspire an array of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments, over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, make-believe, fantasy, whimsey, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions, born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe, in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast, for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, that it is lead dancer in its spirit-mind-body chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time, in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence, are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation, can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion, more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth, in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual spirit-mind-body plays out incalculable variations of the passions born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset, fabricates, in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything, but through the conditioned choices of imagination, that some call free

will. Those who discern their own law, see this manifest play far differently than those, who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections, is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature, to become that to which they aspire. Intuitively, spontaneously free, to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain the greatest vision, are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the dreamtime to which all are witness. It is a vision so spaceless, so timeless, so infinite, so infinitesimal, as to be intrinsic to all creation, from You, to the farthest reaches and beyond.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. More than very unlikely, in fact. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we as a species are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective ignorance, avarice, hedonism, narcissism, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window, our tiny little scratch of the timeline. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following disingenuous leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, space-bound, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment, in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline; as fully-evolved human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies, churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats, vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive, within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures small to great, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am, to which mystics across the world, throughout time, point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough, to see clearly, that the ethereal thing called truth, is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness, imbued equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all, to see that every form born of space-time, is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind’s eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes,

M

Got God?

Do you believe in God? If so, describe what you mean by that?

Godness is the “I am That I Am” within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every dreamtime imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind; the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how you slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

If you were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo through the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions, that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

Do you believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

Can prayer heal the sick?

If you really have faith, do you need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging. and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life, than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality, is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

Describe a spiritual experience you have had recently.

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is sky to all the cloudy creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the indivisible oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

What is the soul?

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality, that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same quantum mystery residing in everything, from the smallest particle of an atom, to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as discerned through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness, of

isness, of hereness, of nowness, is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements, are born of the illusion of the quantum matrix of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of Self, witness to the reality and unreality of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world, and the inherent rights of all creatures great to small. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

III

Treat others at least as well as you would prefer they treat you. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be you.

IV

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

V

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

Share what you have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those you serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

VII

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

VIII

Bring children into this world only if you intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

IX

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

X

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that you cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which you are so attached.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

12

To be solely the awareness, completely alone, effortless,
Is a suspension of thought, a disinterest in the ever-churning world.
A state of quietude, stillness, serenity, grace; interesting only if you are truly content,
To be done with all the many things your version of the universe offers.
No, it is not easy to let go, to be in the world, but not of it,
Even for the briefest of these mortal times.

28

Ditch the superstition.
It has always been utter nonsense,
Garbage, baloney, gobbledygook, noise, bunkum,
Absurdity, rubbish, twaddle, claptrap, poppycock, balderdash, tripe,
Malarkey, babble, gibberish, drivel, doublespeak,
Bunk, hogwash, rubbish, hot air.
So to speak.

29

We are certainly intoxicated by all our noise and busy-busy,
But zip up a few hundred meters, and stillness reigns.
The unknown is not bound by blah-blah or bling.
The mystery will spin on, with or without us.

36

The tree of knowledge,
Is a cacophony of imagination,
Allowed every direction and meaning.
The indivisible totality, that which is, and is not,
Is indifferent to all that is, and is not.

45

There is tabula rasa, an uncarved block, an unrippled soul, within,
But the imaginary, make-believe you, formed of consciousness,
Must become very still, very quiet, for its awareness to reign.

49

Noise, noise, noise, endless noise.
Empty vessels blaring, spewing cacophony,
Echoes of consciousness playing out such paltry dreams.

52

Why be at all concerned or bothered,
About awakening smoke to its ephemeral nature?
Is it any wonder that those rare few who realize their true nature,
Become very silent, very still, even in the greatest din?

54

From the quietude of boundless slumber, awareness awakens,
And gazing into the pool of memories, stokes the dream into another day.
Dust to dust, a few breaths, a few thoughts, between.
Let the vanity have its way.

67

Find a space where you can sit quietly, alone.
Ignore the ever-churning sensory theater.
Allow the thoughts to pass without interference.
Observe completely the beingness throughout the passing.
That simple awareness, that nowness, is the eternal, original nature.
To abide in the essential ever-fleeting moment, the mind still,
Is liberation from the fabrications of false identity.

74

Even if every creature from small to great, were to cry out in unison,
The cacophonous eruption would amount to no sound at all.
This garden world is but a minuscule particle of dust,
Timelessly spinning in the immensity of space.
Really no different than any of the invisible particles,
Circulating about the space in which you are sitting right now.
Listen very closely, and you will be the deep silence of the universal mind.

85

When You were young and innocent, the movement of consciousness,
Was like fresh sap flowing mightily through a spring tree.
As existence passed by with its many seasons,
There arose a vague awareness,
Of the vast, yawning expanse within.
Of the quietude that had always been present,
Since the ineffable walkabout in time and space began.
The indelible stillness that few are discerning enough to perceive.
Now, You are in that portion of life, when You make peace with the passions,
And quietly prepare for the end of space-time, and complete surrender to Your eternal origin.

109

The longing for oblivion runs silent, runs deep.

111

Sit quietly, move silently, watch closely,
Be as inwardly still, as a calm, windless day,
And You will be the harvest of your temporal fate.

126

Those who speak do not know.
Those who know do not speak.
The great silence stills tongues.

127

There is a great emptiness, a great solitude, a great silence,
Waiting within, when you are finished with all the noise of the world,
Playing its repetitive, hollow recording, over and over in the monkey-mind head

146

Only minds shackled to time and space, require meaning and purpose.
The sage wanders freely in the quietude of eternal awareness.
All meaning and purpose evaporates when you do.

* * * *

Consciousness is the cacophony of nothingness.

149

What a challenging thing,
Not to be drawn again and again and again,
Into the human paradigm, and its incessant, raucous cacophony,
All its cares and woes, all its troubles and bothers,
All its confusion and disharmony.

154

What is it to be born again,
But to be the awareness of the newborn.
As still and silent and attentively timeless as the cosmos,
From whence all phenomena small to great have been immaculately woven.

181

There is nothing to change,
Nothing to criticize, nothing to prove.
You are that which is absolute, and that is enough,
That is perfection in the most ultimate sense.
Everything else is just noise and bother.

256

The mind as identity is waves crashing.
The mind as awareness is eternally timeless.
Serenity is not born of the cacophony of thought.

280

More noise; joy to your world.

345

To those who proselytize one dogma or another,
What can you really do but stay silent, or apprise them, politely or not,
That you already are That which they claim to serve,
And thank them just the same.

346

If it is your calling to discern that which is mystery,
That which is within all, small to great,
You must let go everything.
Yes, everything.
The you, you pretend,
Fabricated by imagination,
Must become so inwardly quiet,
That you divine the awareness You are,
That which is boundless prior to all conception.

353

How beyond all pales absurd it at some point becomes.
We prattle endlessly about the silence, the serenity, the austerity, of a still mind,
But to remain in that state every moment, is for most, if not all, very challenging, very unlikely, indeed.
The monkey-mind is ever an absorbing thunder and lightning show,
To which death is really the only antidote.

396

Joust with others if You will,
Or sit quietly beside a forest stream,
It is ultimately all the same.

424

How silent is silent? How deep is deep? How still is still? How alone is alone?

452

Those who have thought so many thoughts, examined existence in so many ways,
Are no nearer to the quantum beingness than any peasant ploughing the fields of gold,
Or any worker bee quietly living out their fleeting existence in one urban hive or another.
Perhaps more aware of it, but no more in control of it, than any man in the moon.

455

What do all these thoughts, all this knowledge, all this trivia,
Mean, really, to a mind that has been stilled into eternal grace.

457

Awareness is the quiet hum of the boundless awakeness.

471

To whom but the rare inscrutable few,
Is silence more sweet than clamor?
Sightlessness sweeter than sight?
Tastelessness sweeter than taste?
Oderlessness sweeter than smell?
Touchlessness sweeter than touch?
Thoughtlessness sweeter than thought?

Breadcrumbs 2015

Leftovers

Ultimately, the final stage, is to let go,
All you have done, all you have not done,
All that the world is, all that the world is not,
And just silently wander in unutterable solitude.

* * * *

Om, om, om … peace, peace, peace:
Tranquility, peacefulness, restfulness, calmness,
Serenity, repose, quietness, stillness, undisturbed, untroubled.

* * * *

No place to go, nothing to become, yet you,
Ever the same, ever here now, wander this way or that,
For a body cannot be completely still, nor a mind completely silent.

* * * *

Stars and planets stream silently about the heavens, oblivious to your vain existence,
And all the passions that play out the ceaseless dramas in your hollow imagination.

* * * *

Once you quiet, once you calm, once you still, all the many notions,
What is there but awareness, free of any sense of other.
Anything less is just quantum theater.

* * * *

Be that totality, that absoluteness, that solitude, that quietude,
Where there is no within, where there is no without,
Where there is no where but here now.

* * * *

Discard all the overlays of your conditioning.
You are the quietude of the sovereign mystery.

* * * *

Illustrate, if you can, where you are in a mind that is still,
Where you are in the timeless quietude of pure awareness?

* * * *

How can the here-now, the ever-present moment, ever be born, destined to one day die?
How can that which is without attributes, that which is indivisible, ever exist?
How can there be light or dark? Sound or silence? Right or wrong?
How can there be any this, any that, in an indelible mystery,

In which space and time are not, have never been, will never be?

* * * *

War is the insatiable beast, peace the sublime quietude.
Humans do not tend to, for long, fare well with either.

* * * *

And why is all that knowledge, so much of it, meaningless trivia, so important?
What makes it so much more esteemed, than a mind that runs silent, runs deep?

* * * *

Without the herd, without the other, You would not have the opportunity to stand quietly aloof;
To observe, to watch, to view, to scrutinize, to monitor, to study, to examine, to survey,
To witness a dream of consciousness, an imaginary theater, as only You can.

* * * *

Eternal life is not something remembered, not something born of the mind in time.
It is merely being the timeless awareness, the timeless nowness, the timeless emptiness, you truly are.
There is nothing to become, nothing to prove, nothing to maintain, nothing to pretend.
To be in that state of timeless quietude is to be all there is to be.

Soundbites

A quietude emerges, and the lotus mind blossoms.

* * * *

Awareness is the stillness of the silent Om.

* * * *

To questions where there are no answers, silence.

* * * *

You need not allow the universe to infringe upon your serenity.

* * * *

Go placidly amid the noise and haste.

* * * *

How quietly content, those barren of the quagmire of assumption.

* * * *

The masks of oblivion are a cacophony of quantum design.

* * * *

Consciousness evaporates into an awareness of stillness.

Breadcrumbs

Getting pretty quiet in this old cabeza, sometimes.

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

Ramana Maharshi:
Whatever is destined not to happen will not happen, try as you may.
Whatever is destined to happen will happen, do what you may to prevent it.
This is certain. The best course, therefore, is to remain silent.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Be a lot easier if I had spent my entire adult existence,
Sitting homeless in a loincloth in an ashram near a fabled mountain.

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

Home, sweet home
Peace, sweet peace
Silence, sweet silence
Solitude, sweet solitude
Obscurity, sweet obscurity
Awareness, sweet awareness
Anonymity, sweet anonymity
Realization, sweet realization
Emptiness, sweet emptiness
Rightness, sweet rightness
Serenity, sweet serenity
Home, sweet home

Breadcrumbs 2018

Leftovers

Consciousness does not easily give over its delusional dreamtime
To the quietude of its original nature, of its timeless awareness,
In which it hither-thither vainly moves like clouds in the sky.

* * * *

The challenge is letting go of the cacophony ever playing out in our aloneness.
We spend so much time questing the most unadorned reality the mystery has to offer,
Yet there it is: the awareness, the witness, the enigma, peering out from behind every mask.
What need for religion? What need for spirituality? What need for belief, faith, prayer, scripture?
What need for heavens and hells and purgatories, deities and demons, mythologies, icons, sacraments?
What need for messiahs, saints, priesthoods, traditions, superstitions, caste systems, groupthinks?
What need for philosophies, dogmas, ethics, laws, principles, doctrines, idols, mystic powers?
What need for cathedrals, temples, shrines, holy places, titles, hierarchies, dress codes?
What need for dualistic or non-dualistic concepts, or any light or sound shows?
Why worship what you are? Eternity is right here right now, timeless.
Merely being the awareness is all there is: You are it, it is You.
Anything less is nothing more than the trickster mind,
Playing its more-more-more imagination game.

* * * *

The entire human drama is from a distance nothing more than noise,
A cauldron of consciousness that has no lasting meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

The human paradigm is based on collective enterprise,
And all groupthink is steeped in one absurdity or another.
Standing alone, free and clear, with as quiet a mind as possible,
Is the only way to minimize the arbitrary delusions of assumption.

* * * *

To be still, to resist thought's rising, is the challenge,
Of those who give themselves over to inner quietude.

* * * *

The flame of the vanities – power, fame, fortune – singes all and burns many.
Of a quiet, tranquil, trouble-free, unassuming existence, little needs be said.

* * * *

Awareness is the silent om of the universe.
From it all sentient beings arise and abide.

* * * *

Noise.
More noise.
Even more noise.

* * * *

Quietude.
More quietude.
Even more quietude.

Soundbites

Noise, more noise, even more noise.

* * * *

Quietude, more quietude, even more quietude.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Soundbites

Any language, any concept, is just noise, to mind without ear for it.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Leftovers

The challenge is renouncing the sorrow of consciousness, for the quietude of awareness.
In transcending attachment to the mundane-secular-time-bound world,
For the timeless insecurity of immaculate awareness.

Breadcrumbs

Oh, how I sometimes long for that unadorned Old School time,
Where a pleasurable sense of solitude and tranquility quietly reigned,
And the world with all its endless tangles was far away, only barely important.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Leftovers

Home, sweet home.
Peace, sweet peace.
Silence, sweet silence.
Solitude, sweet solitude.
Obscurity, sweet obscurity.
Awareness, sweet awareness.
Anonymity, sweet anonymity.
Realization, sweet realization.
Emptiness, sweet emptiness.
Rightness, sweet rightness.
Serenity, sweet serenity.
Home, sweet home.

* * * *

Neither lead nor follow, wander quietly, anonymously.
Listening and speaking as moment and circumstances call.
And then wander on, with as little display or fanfare as possible.

* * * *

From dust to dust.
From null to null.
From void to void.
From sleep to sleep.
From abyss to abyss.
From silence to silence.
From stillness to stillness.
From nonbeing to nonbeing.
From extinction to extinction.
From nothingness to nothingness.
From nonexistence to nonexistence.
From insignificant to insignificant.
From indivisibility to indivisibility.
From annihilation to annihilation.
From detachment to detachment.
From insentience to insentience.
From unconcern to unconcern.
From emptiness to emptiness.
From obscurity to obscurity.
From quantum to quantum.
From inertness to inertness.
From oblivion to oblivion.

* * * *

The mind is drawn to silence, to stillness, to eternity, but churns on and on.
Despite all assertions to the contrary, consciousness does not really want to let go,
Of its imaginary, of its illusory, of its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum space-time creation.

* * * *

What is death but the end of the need to think, to breathe, to move, to eat, to drink, to poop and pee.
The end of ever-kaleidoscoping agonies and ecstasies played out in the dream of time and space.
The end of power, fame, wealth, and all the narcissistic and hedonistic vanities they serve.
The end of the Seven Deadly Sins: pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth.
The end of knowledge and wisdom and foolishness, and all the effort to maintain them.
Death offers such peace, such quietude, the heaven of non-existence, no imagination required.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Leftovers

There is just this timeless moment.

Sometimes it is ecstasy, sometimes it is agony.
Sometimes it is true, sometimes it is false.
Sometimes it is full, sometimes it is empty.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is sad.
Sometimes it is known, sometimes it is unknown.
Sometimes it is life, sometimes it is death.
Sometimes it is pleasant, sometimes it is noxious.
Sometimes it is fast, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is clear, sometimes it is foggy.
Sometimes it is tangible, sometimes it is intangible.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is on, sometimes it is off.
Sometimes it is white, sometimes it is black.
Sometimes it is large, sometimes it is small.
Sometimes it is real, sometimes it is imaginary.
Sometimes it is smart, sometimes it is stupid.
Sometimes it is straight, sometimes it is crooked.
Sometimes it is punctual, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is busy, sometimes it is slow.
Sometimes it is reassuring, sometimes it is scary.
Sometimes it is serene, sometimes it is bustling.
Sometimes it is beautiful, sometimes it is ugly.
Sometimes it is sharp, sometimes it is blunt.
Sometimes it is day, sometimes it is night.
Sometimes it is bright, sometimes it is gloomy.
Sometimes it is loving, sometimes it is hateful.
Sometimes it is simple, sometimes it is complex.
Sometimes it is icy, sometimes it is tepid.
Sometimes it is friendly, sometimes it is hostile.
Sometimes it is young, sometimes it is old.
Sometimes it is energetic, sometimes it is lethargic.
Sometimes it is colors, sometimes it is gray.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is wrong.
Sometimes it is interesting, sometimes it is boring.
Sometimes it is close, sometimes it is distant.
Sometimes it is right, sometimes it is left.
Sometimes it is same, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is exact, sometimes it is approximate.
Sometimes it is similar, sometimes it is different.
Sometimes it is in, sometimes it is out.

Sometimes it is sweet, sometimes it is sour.
Sometimes it is early, sometimes it is late.
Sometimes it is soft, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is tasty, sometimes it is bland.
Sometimes it is fragrant, sometimes it is smelly.
Sometimes it is yin, sometimes it is yang.
Sometimes it is inhale, sometimes it is exhale.
Sometimes it is smooth, sometimes it is rough.
Sometimes it is wavy, sometimes it is flat.
Sometimes it is round, sometimes it is square.
Sometimes it is up, sometimes it is down.
Sometimes it is excellent, sometimes it is mediocre.
Sometimes it is rich, sometimes it is poor.
Sometimes it is silent, sometimes it is noisy.
Sometimes it is expensive, sometimes it is cheap.
Sometimes it is male, sometimes it is female.
Sometimes it is happy, sometimes it is depressed.
Sometimes it is good, sometimes it is bad.
Sometimes it is reasonable, sometimes it is absurd.
Sometimes it is near, sometimes it is far.
Sometimes it is sane, sometimes it is insane.
Sometimes it is light, sometimes it is dark.
Sometimes it is hot, sometimes it is cold.
Sometimes it is dry, sometimes it is wet.
Sometimes it is here, sometimes it is there.
Sometimes it is now, sometimes it is then.
Sometimes it is this, sometimes it is that.
Sometimes it is born, sometimes it is dying.
Sometimes it is unborn, sometimes it is undying.
Sometimes it is beginning, sometimes it is ending.
Sometimes it is everything, sometimes it is nothing.

But it is always the same timeless moment.

* * * *

Without the mind-body,
What is wet, what is dry?
What is hot, what is cold?
What is loud, what is quiet?
What is sweet, what is bitter?
What is pleasure, what is pain?
What is coarse, what is smooth?
What is harsh, what is gentle?
What is any now-soon-then?
Without illusion its game?

* * * *

Humility is what is left when pride and arrogance,
When self-absorption, somehow quietly depart the building.
True humility, true unpretentiousness, does not even recognize itself.

* * * *

Pay very close attention to whatever is happening,
And that inner chatter will grow quiet of its own accord.

* * * *

Look at the population counters, counting away, and you will get a sense,
Of how many dreams are out there, happening right now, and that is just human beings.
All life has equal access to the same simultaneous, timeless awareness.
All existence, you included, is the same mystery.
Allow it to remain a mystery.
Give it no name.
Be it.
Enjoy the quietude.

* * * *

The Garden of Life and Death.
The Garden of Good and Evil.
The Garden of Desire and Fear.
The Garden of Sweet and Bitter.
The Garden of Black and White.
The Garden of Sound and Silence.
The Garden of Kind and Callous.
The Garden of Full and Empty.
The Garden of Hot and Cold.
The Garden of Ones and Zeros.
The Garden of Dualistic Notion.

Soundbites

Observing silence, what would that be like?

* * * *

Observe silence.

* * * *

To observe silence, or not to observe silence, that is the question.

* * * *

You must listen very closely, to hear the eternal silence.

Breadcrumbs

I am retired unto a quiet, moderate, relatively anonymous routine;
One largely focused on these writings, and the rest, whatever else calls.
It could be family, it could be friendships, it could be entertainment,
It could be a long, nondescript, aimless-wandering, walkabout.
Casually waiting for the Reaper to come settle all scores.
What more needs doing? What more needs saying?

* * * *

For a mind so yearning for peace and quiet, I sure am a chatty thing.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

2023

Leftovers

The moment is mystery; You are mystery.
The moment is eternal; You are eternal.
The moment is immaculate; You are immaculate.
The moment is unborn; You are unborn.
The moment is undying; You are undying.
The moment is indivisible; You are indivisible.
The moment is here; You are here.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is truth; You are truth.
The moment is graceful; You are graceful.
The moment is pure; You are pure.
The moment is unequivocal; You are unequivocal.
The moment is supreme; You are supreme.
The moment is unqualified; You are unqualified.
The moment is perfect; You are perfect.
The moment is nothingness; You are nothingness.
The moment is total; You are total.
The moment is complete; You are complete.
The moment is tabula rasa; You are tabula rasa.
The moment is sentient; You are sentient.
The moment is still; You are still.
The moment is inscrutable; You are inscrutable.
The moment is perpetual; You are perpetual.
The moment is matrix; You are matrix.
The moment is serene; You are serene.
The moment is pervasive; You are pervasive.
The moment is dispassionate; You are dispassionate.
The moment is nonexistent; You are nonexistent.
The moment is uncontrolled; You are uncontrolled.
The moment is boundless; You are boundless.
The moment is unrestrained; You are unrestrained.
The moment is untouched; You are untouched.
The moment is unrefined; You are unrefined.
The moment is limitless; You are limitless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is undone; You are undone.
The moment is extraordinary; You are extraordinary.
The moment is enduring; You are enduring.

The moment is tranquil; You are tranquil.
The moment is unruffled; You are unruffled.
The moment is unworried; You are unworried.
The moment is placid; You are placid.
The moment is composed; You are composed.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is unchained; You are unchained.
The moment is opaque; You are opaque.
The moment is vulnerable; You are vulnerable.
The moment is compliant; You are compliant.
The moment is fictional; You are fictional.
The moment is undeniable; You are undeniable.
The moment is pristine; You are pristine.
The moment is forever; You are forever.
The moment is mundane; You are mundane.
The moment is empty; You are empty.
The moment is untarnished; You are untarnished.
The moment is impartial; You are impartial.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is priceless; You are priceless.
The moment is all; You are all.
The moment is valueless; You are valueless.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is obscure; You are obscure.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is purposeless; You are purposeless.
The moment is none; You are none.
The moment is unimportant; You are unimportant.
The moment is silent; You are silent.
The moment is nondualistic; You are nondualistic.
The moment is clear; You are clear.
The moment is motionless; You are motionless.
The moment is wasted; You are wasted.
The moment is mindless; You are mindless.
The moment is everlasting; You are everlasting.
The moment is ineffective; You are ineffective.
The moment is vain; You are vain.
The moment is unsuccessful; You are unsuccessful.
The moment is fruitless; You are fruitless.
The moment is futile; You are futile.
The moment is instantaneous; You are instantaneous.
The moment is imaginary; You are imaginary.
The moment is aware; You are aware.
The moment is ineffable; You are ineffable.
The moment is mysterious; You are mysterious.
The moment is inexpressible; You are inexpressible.

The moment is unspeakable; You are unspeakable.
The moment is meaningless; You are meaningless.
The moment is ordinary; You are ordinary.
The moment is engrained; You are engrained.
The moment is imperceptible; You are imperceptible.
The moment is inconsequential; You are inconsequential.
The moment is hollow; You are hollow.
The moment is alone; You are alone.
The moment is minimal; You are minimal.
The moment is impenetrable; You are impenetrable.
The moment is average; You are average.
The moment is unfathomable; You are unfathomable.
The moment is unique; You are unique.
The moment is unicity; You are unicity.
The moment is incessant; You are incessant.
The moment is inconceivable; You are inconceivable.
The moment is unfastened You are unfastened.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is maximum; You are maximum.
The moment is detached; You are detached.
The moment is unrivaled; You are unrivaled.
The moment is inimitable; You are inimitable.
The moment is incomparable; You are incomparable.
The moment is unbiased; You are unbiased.
The moment is pointless; You are pointless.
The moment is unconcerned; You are unconcerned.
The moment is ceaseless; You are ceaseless.
The moment is impersonal; You are impersonal.
The moment is absurd; You are absurd.
The moment is aloof; You are aloof.
The moment is interminable; You are interminable.
The moment is exquisite; You are exquisite.
The moment is unintelligible; You are unintelligible.
The moment is incomprehensible; You are incomprehensible.
The moment is unreadable; You are unreadable.
The moment is enigmatic; You are enigmatic.
The moment is carefree; You are carefree.
The moment is never-ending; You are never-ending.
The moment is now; You are now.
The moment is innocent; You are innocent.
The moment is singular; You are singular.
The moment is timeless; You are timeless.
The moment is momentary; You are momentary.
The moment is absolute; You are absolute.
The moment is sovereign; You are sovereign.
The moment is omniscient; You are omniscient.
The moment is omnipresent; You are omnipresent.

The moment is omnipotent; You are omnipotent.
The moment is kaleidoscoping; You are kaleidoscoping.
The moment is quantum; You are quantum.
The moment is awareness; You are awareness.
The moment is totality; You are totality.
The moment is life; You are life.
The moment is seamless; You are seamless.
The moment is unconditional; You are unconditional.
The moment is unadulterated; You are unadulterated.
The moment is flawless; You are flawless.
The moment is unspoiled; You are unspoiled.
The moment is entire; You are entire.
The moment is effortless; You are effortless.
The moment is first; You are first.
The moment is oblivion; You are oblivion.
The moment is mindful; You are mindful.
The moment is last; You are last.
The moment is whole; You are whole.
The moment is harmonious; You are harmonious.
The moment is unified; You are unified.
The moment is impeccable; You are impeccable.
The moment is blameless; You are blameless.
The moment is spotless; You are spotless.
The moment is alertness; You are alertness.
The moment is matchless; You are matchless.
The moment is void; You are void.
The moment is stillness; You are stillness.
The moment is extinct; You are extinct.
The moment is obscurity; You are obscurity.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is insignificant; You are insignificant.
The moment is null; You are null.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is useless; You are useless.
The moment is unknowable; You are unknowable.
The moment is naught; You are naught.
The moment is nameless; You are nameless.
The moment is undiscoverable; You are undiscoverable.
The moment is immeasurable; You are immeasurable.
The moment is infinite; You are infinite.
The moment is incalculable; You are incalculable.
The moment is inestimable; You are inestimable.
The moment is endless; You are endless.
The moment is simple; You are simple.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is natural; You are natural.
The moment is painless; You are painless.

The moment is uncomplicated; You are uncomplicated.
The moment is unforced; You are unforced.
The moment is infinitesimal; You are infinitesimal.
The moment is ever; You are ever.
The moment is untroubled; You are untroubled.
The moment is inexplicable; You are inexplicable.
The moment is unstained; You are unstained.
The moment is peerless; You are peerless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is emptiness; You are emptiness.
The moment is indifferent; You are indifferent.
The moment is ageless; You are ageless.
The moment is irrational; You are irrational.
The moment is immortal; You are immortal.
The moment is way; You are way.
The moment is intrinsic; You are intrinsic.
The moment is intangible You are intangible.
The moment is witness; You are witness.
The moment is indelible; You are indelible.
The moment is solitary; You are solitary.
The moment is free; You are free.

* * * *

The Eternal Mind

… mysterious …
… ineffable …
… tabula rasa …
… aware …
… still …
… indivisible …
… momentary …
… singular …
… indelible …
… supreme …
… matchless …
… now …
… sentient …
… unfathomable …
… inscrutable …
… perpetual …
… imaginary …
… matrix …
… flawless …
… timeless …
… infinite …
… infinitesimal …

… omnipresent …
… serene …
… immortal …
… pervasive …
… omniscient …
… mindful …
… instantaneous …
… quantum …
… null …
… immaculate …
… futile …
… everlasting …
… unbound …
… motionless …
… mindless …
… clear …
… nondualistic …
… here …
… unbounded …
… silent …
… graceful …
… pure …
… unequivocal …
… unqualified …
… perfect …
… nothingness …
… total …
… complete …
… innocent …
… truth …
… unconditional …
… unadulterated …
… seamless …
… unspoiled …
… impeccable …
… empty …
… entire …
… effortless …
… first …
… oblivion …
… last …
… whole …
… harmonious …
… unified …
… blameless …
… spotless …
… sentient …

… alert …
… void …
… unimportant …
… all …
… none …
… inestimable …
… indefinable …
… extinct …
… purposeless …
… obscure …
… anonymous …
… insignificant …
… null …
… worthless …
… unknowable …
… naught …
… indecipherable …
… nameless …
… undiscoverable …
… useless …
… immeasurable …
… valueless …
… incalculable …
… rational …
… unutterable …
… endless …
… impartial …
… simple …
… straightforward …
… natural …
… untouched …
… imperceptible …
… painless …
… uncomplicated …
… unforced …
… untarnished …
… ever …
… untroubled …
… inexplicable …
… unstained …
… peerless …
… emptiness …
… indifferent …
… ageless …
… ineradicable …
… irrational …
… permanent …

… indiscernible …
… impalpable …
… faultless …
… pristine …
… mundane …
… hollow …
… alone …
… minimal …
… average …
… unique …
… unspeakable …
… unimaginable …
… unicity …
… whole …
… incessant …
… inconceivable …
… unfastened …
… rational …
… undeniable …
… detached …
… unrivaled …
… inimitable …
… incomparable …
… unbiased …
… pointless …
… unconcerned …
… ceaseless …
… priceless …
… impersonal …
… absurd …
… aloof …
… nonexistent …
… interminable …
… carefree …
… enigmatic …
… impenetrable …
… unreadable …
… incomprehensible …
… unintelligible …
… meaningless …
… inconsequential …
… exquisite …
… ordinary …
… engrained …
… intrinsic …
… intangible …
… solitary …

… enduring …
… inexpressible …
… omnipotent …
… tranquil …
… free …
… sovereign …
… unborn …
… undying …
… absolute …
… eternal …

* * * *

In dissolving the mitote – the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind –
Into the stillness that is real, into the silence that is real, the first and last voice is your own.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is nothing more than stories born of imagination.
Your story is but a collage of perceptions, all founded on a fabricated frame of reference.
The only story you need to end, is your own; without a story, the incessant inner narration falls silent.
You must let it go, as if it never happened, if You wish to be the eternity You are.
One does not need to forever pretend something that is not real.
Without the story, what is a given moment?

* * * *

ChatGPT query: An aphorism about the stillness before time.
Answer: In the silence preceding time, existence finds its breath.

* * * *

The mind can revert to tabula rasa,
By simply not engaging with anything imaginary.
Any naming, any chatter, whatsoever.
A silent, attentive mind.
Full breathing.
The yoga of mind.

* * * *

Still the mind, and the cacophony of sounds, will be, simultaneously, without discrimination, heard.
Add to it the other senses, and explore the sensory theater, the mind through every moment weaves.

* * * *

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides the scribe,
Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that he has offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.
No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.

Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

Soundbites

To be inwardly silent, completely still – free of desire, free of fear, free of dread – is to be the eternal.

* * * *

Just being is the embodiment of silence.

* * * *

It just sort of gets quiet in there.

* * * *

A quiet mind is an eternal mind.

* * * *

Give the air some quiet today.

2024

Leftovers

Infinite or infinitesimal, the awareness does not care.
Spiritual or agnostic, the awareness does not care.
Clean or dirty, the awareness does not care.
Live or die, the awareness does not care.
Wealthy or poor, the awareness does not care.
Alive or dead, the awareness does not care.
Believer or atheist, the awareness does not care.
Subtle or blatant, the awareness does not care.
Kind or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Sane or insane, the awareness does not care.
Straight or gay, the awareness does not care.
Sage or fool, the awareness does not care.
Fast or slow, the awareness does not care.
Do or do not, the awareness does not care.
Long or short, the awareness does not care.
Succeed or fail, the awareness does not care.
Love or hate, the awareness does not care.

Still or moving, the awareness does not care.
Real or unreal, the awareness does not care.
Tit or tat, the awareness does not care.
For or against, the awareness does not care.
Up or down, the awareness does not care.
Around or through, the awareness does not care.
Clear or unclear, the awareness does not care.
Fat or thin, the awareness does not care.
Strong or weak, the awareness does not care.
Gratis or priceless, the awareness does not care.
Hard or soft, the awareness does not care.
Give or take, the awareness does not care.
To or from, the awareness does not care.
Wise or foolish, the awareness does not care.
Beautiful or ugly, the awareness does not care.
Big or small, the awareness does not care.
Known or unknown, the awareness does not care.
Fore or aft, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
Heavy or light, the awareness does not care.
Rich or poor, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
True or false, the awareness does not care.
Ecstasy or agony, the awareness does not care.
First or last, the awareness does not care.
Creative or destructive, the awareness does not care.
Full or empty, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or bitter, the awareness does not care.
Loud or quiet, the awareness does not care.
Straight or rounded, the awareness does not care.
Bright or dim, the awareness does not care.
Well or unwell, the awareness does not care.
Astute or obtuse, the awareness does not care.
Like or unlike, the awareness does not care.
Appealing or revolting, the awareness does not care.
Clear or opaque, the awareness does not care.
Thick or thin, the awareness does not care.
Brave or cowardly, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or sour, the awareness does not care.
Equal or lopsided, the awareness does not care.
King or slave, the awareness does not care.
Queen or whore, the awareness does not care.
Expansive or contractive, the awareness does not care.
Soft or harsh, the awareness does not care.
Young or old, the awareness does not care.
Male or female, the awareness does not care.
Honest or dishonest, the awareness does not care.

Wild or tame, the awareness does not care.
Early or late, the awareness does not care.
Pure or foul, the awareness does not care.
Cautious or reckless, the awareness does not care.
Hit or miss, the awareness does not care.
Lead or follow, the awareness does not care.
High or low, the awareness does not care.
Naive or cynical, the awareness does not care.
Truth or lie, the awareness does not care.
Deep or shallow, the awareness does not care.
Open or closed, the awareness does not care.
Rational or absurd, the awareness does not care.
Near or far, the awareness does not care.
Singular or dual, the awareness does not care.
In or out, the awareness does not care.
Free or imprisoned, the awareness does not care.
Yes or no, the awareness does not care.
Attached or detached, the awareness does not care.
Course or fine, the awareness does not care.
All or none, the awareness does not care.
Shiny or dull, the awareness does not care.
Smart or stupid, the awareness does not care.
Tall or short, the awareness does not care.
Forward or backward, the awareness does not care.
Before or after, the awareness does not care.
Selfless or selfish, the awareness does not care.
One or two, the awareness does not care.
Within or without, the awareness does not care.
Yay or nay, the awareness does not care.
Close or distant, the awareness does not care.
Normal or weird, the awareness does not care.
Wet or dry, the awareness does not care.
Hot or cold, the awareness does not care.
Constant or fickle, the awareness does not care.
Positive or negative, the awareness does not care.
Happy or sad, the awareness does not care.
Fair or unfair, the awareness does not care.
Over or under, the awareness does not care.
Similar or different, the awareness does not care.
Loose or tight, the awareness does not care.
Plus or minus, the awareness does not care.
Above or below, the awareness does not care.
Inside or outside, the awareness does not care.
Simple or complex, the awareness does not care.
Black or white, the awareness does not care.
Smooth or coarse, the awareness does not care.
Wide or narrow, the awareness does not care.

Gentle or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Humble or vain, the awareness does not care.
On or off, the awareness does not care.
Here or there, the awareness does not care.
Have or have not, the awareness does not care.
Sharp or dull, the awareness does not care.
Good or bad, the awareness does not care.
Right or wrong, the awareness does not care.
Everything or nothing, the awareness does not care.
Something or nothing, the awareness does not care.
White or black, the awareness does not care.
Light or dark, the awareness does not care.
This or that, the awareness does not care.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

* * * *

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
"Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars."
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.
One can never discern how noble intentions,
Will be warped and perverted in the theaters of mind.

* * * *

You can only know your own frame of reference.
And that is but a paltry speck, of all that imagination has created,
To distract (and perchance amuse) the fickle awareness, the source of all eternity,
In any given right-here-right-now, unborn-undying moment,
From its ever-present, blissful quietude.

* * * *

The mystery before space and time is mysterious.
The mystery before space and time is ineffable.
The mystery before space and time is tabula rasa.
The mystery before space and time is aware.
The mystery before space and time is still.
The mystery before space and time is indivisible.
The mystery before space and time is momentary.
The mystery before space and time is singular.
The mystery before space and time is indelible.
The mystery before space and time is supreme.

The mystery before space and time is matchless.
The mystery before space and time is now.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.
The mystery before space and time is unfathomable.
The mystery before space and time is inscrutable.
The mystery before space and time is perpetual.
The mystery before space and time is imaginary.
The mystery before space and time is matrix.
The mystery before space and time is flawless.
The mystery before space and time is timeless.
The mystery before space and time is infinite.
The mystery before space and time is infinitesimal.
The mystery before space and time is omnipresent.
The mystery before space and time is serene.
The mystery before space and time is immortal.
The mystery before space and time is pervasive.
The mystery before space and time is omniscient.
The mystery before space and time is mindful.
The mystery before space and time is instantaneous.
The mystery before space and time is quantum.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is immaculate.
The mystery before space and time is futile.
The mystery before space and time is everlasting.
The mystery before space and time is unbound.
The mystery before space and time is motionless.
The mystery before space and time is mindless.
The mystery before space and time is clear.
The mystery before space and time is nondualistic.
The mystery before space and time is here.
The mystery before space and time is unbounded.
The mystery before space and time is silent.
The mystery before space and time is graceful.
The mystery before space and time is pure.
The mystery before space and time is unequivocal.
The mystery before space and time is unqualified.
The mystery before space and time is perfect.
The mystery before space and time is nothingness.
The mystery before space and time is total.
The mystery before space and time is complete.
The mystery before space and time is innocent.
The mystery before space and time is truth.
The mystery before space and time is unconditional.
The mystery before space and time is unadulterated.
The mystery before space and time is seamless.
The mystery before space and time is unspoiled.
The mystery before space and time is impeccable.

The mystery before space and time is empty.
The mystery before space and time is entire.
The mystery before space and time is effortless.
The mystery before space and time is first.
The mystery before space and time is oblivion.
The mystery before space and time is last.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is harmonious.
The mystery before space and time is unified.
The mystery before space and time is blameless.
The mystery before space and time is spotless.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.
The mystery before space and time is alert.
The mystery before space and time is void.
The mystery before space and time is unimportant.
The mystery before space and time is all.
The mystery before space and time is none.
The mystery before space and time is inestimable.
The mystery before space and time is indefinable.
The mystery before space and time is extinct.
The mystery before space and time is purposeless.
The mystery before space and time is obscure.
The mystery before space and time is anonymous.
The mystery before space and time is insignificant.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is worthless.
The mystery before space and time is unknowable.
The mystery before space and time is naught.
The mystery before space and time is indecipherable.
The mystery before space and time is nameless.
The mystery before space and time is undiscoverable.
The mystery before space and time is useless.
The mystery before space and time is immeasurable.
The mystery before space and time is valueless.
The mystery before space and time is incalculable.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is unutterable.
The mystery before space and time is endless.
The mystery before space and time is impartial.
The mystery before space and time is simple.
The mystery before space and time is straightforward.
The mystery before space and time is natural.
The mystery before space and time is untouched.
The mystery before space and time is imperceptible.
The mystery before space and time is painless.
The mystery before space and time is uncomplicated.
The mystery before space and time is unforced.

The mystery before space and time is untarnished.
The mystery before space and time is ever.
The mystery before space and time is untroubled.
The mystery before space and time is inexplicable.
The mystery before space and time is unstained.
The mystery before space and time is peerless.
The mystery before space and time is emptiness.
The mystery before space and time is indifferent.
The mystery before space and time is ageless.
The mystery before space and time is ineradicable.
The mystery before space and time is irrational.
The mystery before space and time is permanent.
The mystery before space and time is indiscernible.
The mystery before space and time is impalpable.
The mystery before space and time is faultless.
The mystery before space and time is pristine.
The mystery before space and time is mundane.
The mystery before space and time is hollow.
The mystery before space and time is alone.
The mystery before space and time is minimal.
The mystery before space and time is average.
The mystery before space and time is unique.
The mystery before space and time is unspeakable.
The mystery before space and time is unimaginable.
The mystery before space and time is unicity.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is incessant.
The mystery before space and time is inconceivable.
The mystery before space and time is unfastened.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is undeniable.
The mystery before space and time is detached.
The mystery before space and time is unrivaled.
The mystery before space and time is inimitable.
The mystery before space and time is incomparable.
The mystery before space and time is unbiased.
The mystery before space and time is pointless.
The mystery before space and time is unconcerned.
The mystery before space and time is ceaseless.
The mystery before space and time is priceless.
The mystery before space and time is impersonal.
The mystery before space and time is absurd.
The mystery before space and time is aloof.
The mystery before space and time is nonexistent.
The mystery before space and time is interminable.
The mystery before space and time is carefree.
The mystery before space and time is enigmatic.

The mystery before space and time is impenetrable.
The mystery before space and time is unreadable.
The mystery before space and time is incomprehensible.
The mystery before space and time is unintelligible.
The mystery before space and time is meaningless.
The mystery before space and time is inconsequential.
The mystery before space and time is exquisite.
The mystery before space and time is ordinary.
The mystery before space and time is engrained.
The mystery before space and time is intrinsic.
The mystery before space and time is intangible.
The mystery before space and time is solitary.
The mystery before space and time is enduring.
The mystery before space and time is inexpressible.
The mystery before space and time is omnipotent.
The mystery before space and time is tranquil.
The mystery before space and time is free.
The mystery before space and time is sovereign.
The mystery before space and time is unborn.
The mystery before space and time is undying.
The mystery before space and time is absolute.
The mystery before space and time is eternal.

* * * *

The truest, most eloquent faith, is a singular kind of faith.
It is a faith that accepts what the moment offers.
It is a faith that engages the moment fully.
It is a faith that values the intuitive.
It is a faith that has no bounds.
It is a faith that withstands one's fate.
It is a faith that embraces the eternal mystery.

A spaceless faith.
A timeless faith.
An intelligent faith.
A perceptive faith.
A fearless faith.
A relative faith.
A stoic faith.
A moderate faith.
A harmless faith.
An instinctual faith.
A frugal faith.
A resilient faith.
An insightful faith.
A lawless faith.
A penetrating faith.

A shrewd faith.
A flexible faith.
A benevolent faith.
A rational faith.
A boundless faith.
A natural faith.
An abiding faith.
An enduring faith.
An austere faith.
A freeing faith.
An independent faith.
A sharing faith.
A scientific faith.
An agnostic faith.
A discerning faith.
A spontaneous faith.
A watchful faith.
A virtuous faith.
An eternal faith.
An inquiring faith.
A giving faith.
A clear faith.
A grateful faith.
A responsive faith.
A sensible faith.
A reasonable faith.
A forgiving faith.
An innocent faith.
An ironic faith.
A paradoxical faith.
A sane faith.
A mindful faith.
A balanced faith.
A wise faith.
A healthy faith.
A lucid faith.
An astute faith.
A prudent faith.
A judicious faith.
A sagacious faith.
An erudite faith.
A mu faith.
An unknowable faith.
A gnostic faith.
An esoteric faith.
A mystical faith.
A spiritual faith.

A real faith.
A hidden faith.
A soul faith.
An allegorical faith.
A symbolic faith.
An amoral faith.
A fortuitous faith.
A casual faith.
An impromptu faith.
An unprincipled faith.
An elegant faith.
A chaste faith.
A refined faith.
An essential faith.
A faithful faith.
A gentle faith.
A quiet faith.
A solitary faith.
A calm faith.
A placid faith.
A humble faith.
A modest faith.
An unpretentious faith.
An ordinary faith.
An unassuming faith.
A deep faith.
A kind faith.
A godless faith.
A wholistic faith.
A diverse faith.
An atypical faith.
A sightless faith.
A tasteless faith.
An odorless faith.
A soundless faith.
A touchless faith.

A faith beyond all bounds.

* * * *

Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same.
The spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue, inspired by fear of the unknowable.
What a different pale blue dot it might well be, if the young were raised to be one with all things.
It might have lent a pause to the absurd destruction and mayhem our kind has wreaked across the world.
Alas that narcissism and hedonism have such a callous grip upon this imaginary-laden moment.
This quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness nothing more than noise.

* * * *

Infinite or infinitesimal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Spiritual or agnostic, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clean or dirty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Live or die, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wealthy or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Alive or dead, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Believer or atheist, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Subtle or blatant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Kind or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sane or insane, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Straight or gay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sage or fool, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fast or slow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Do or do not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Long or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Succeed or fail, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Love or hate, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Still or moving, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Real or unreal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tit or tat, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
For or against, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Up or down, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Around or through, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or unclear, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fat or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Strong or weak, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gratis or priceless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hard or soft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Give or take, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
To or from, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wise or foolish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Beautiful or ugly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Big or small, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Known or unknown, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fore or aft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Heavy or light, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rich or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
True or false, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Ecstasy or agony, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
First or last, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Creative or destructive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Full or empty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or bitter, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loud or quiet, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Straight or rounded, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Bright or dim, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Well or unwell, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Astute or obtuse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Like or unlike, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Appealing or revolting, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or opaque, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Thick or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Brave or cowardly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or sour, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Equal or lopsided, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
King or slave, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Queen or whore, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Expansive or contractive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Soft or harsh, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Young or old, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Male or female, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Honest or dishonest, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wild or tame, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Early or late, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Pure or foul, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Cautious or reckless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hit or miss, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Lead or follow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
High or low, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Naive or cynical, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Truth or lie, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Deep or shallow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Open or closed, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rational or absurd, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Near or far, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Singular or dual, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
In or out, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Free or imprisoned, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Yes or no, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Attached or detached, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Course or fine, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
All or none, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Shiny or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smart or stupid, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tall or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Forward or backward, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Before or after, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Selfless or selfish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
One or two, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Within or without, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Yay or nay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Close or distant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Normal or weird, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wet or dry, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hot or cold, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Constant or fickle, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Positive or negative, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Happy or sad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fair or unfair, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Over or under, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Similar or different, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loose or tight, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Plus or minus, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Above or below, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Inside or outside, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Simple or complex, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Black or white, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smooth or coarse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wide or narrow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gentle or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Humble or vain, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
On or off, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Here or there, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Have or have not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sharp or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Good or bad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Right or wrong, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Everything or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Something or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
White or black, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Light or dark, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
This or that, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

* * * *

What will be the future of our kind, and life on this pale blue dot, You often wonder.
It is challenging to wrap the timebound mind around the dystopian horror You see coming.
How much longer will the human paradigm persevere after Your cadaver is a dusty pile of bones?
Ahh, but that is indeed a narcissistic-egocentric question, if there ever was one.
So, just toss it into the passing breeze, and expect no answers.
And someday quietly depart, ever agnostic.

* * * *

The difference …

Between black and white,
Between day and night,
Between good and evil,
Between large and small,
Between life and death,
Between bitter and sweet,
Between sound and silence,
Between left and right,
Between kind and cruel,
Between full and empty,
Between hot and cold,
Between order and chaos,
Between love and hate,
Between right and wrong,
Between this and that,
Between near and far,
Between right and wrong,
Between in and out,
Between real and unreal,
Between fact and fiction,
Between thick and thin,
Between peace and war,
Between win and lose,
Between many and few,
Between tall and short,
Between narrow and wide,
Between loose and tight,
Between true and false,
Between yes and no,
Between truth and lie,
Between have and have not,
Between new and old,
Between pleasure and pain,
Between us and them,
Between awake and asleep,
Between sage and fool,
Between creator and creation,
Between you and You,

… is you.

* * * *

For detachment to be woven into every breath, into every step, requires a quiet mind.
A mind that is not caught up in the tempest of the mundane, illusory world.
Not an easy thing to wander aloof, to be in the world but not of it.
Especially once one has morphed onto long and winding road less travelled.
Especially once one, armed only with doubt, has taken on questions that have no answer.

* * * *

Imagine, a space, a time, where there is not even one graven image to imagination's immortal delusions.
Where simple, austere, earnest, placid, mindful folk, wander about their business, quietly content.
How is it that our kind has so squandered its way down the rabbit hole of consciousness?
How is it we have embraced the narcissisms and the hedonism, to such a degree,
As to be on the verge of extinction, in this immaculate, magical garden?
How is it, that more – power, fame, fortune – is never enough?
How is it, so few are serenely, quietly abiding, in the eternal moment?

* * * *

For consciousness to let go of the world, the universe it has created,
Requires a detachment born of insight, towards which few minds have inclination.
The craving for more, the greediness for more, must have quenched itself upon its own weariness.
So saturated, that it seeks naught, but that emptiness, that silence, that oblivion,
From which its ineffable, indelible mystery, is sustained.

* * * *

… observe silence ...
… observe stillness …
… observe here now…
… observe awareness ...
… observe everything …
… observe breathing in ...
… observe breathing out …
… observe the aloneness …
… observe the emptiness …
… observe the moment …
... observe the entirety …
… observe the unicity …
… observe eternity …
… observe You …

* * * *

… observe everything …
… observe the sentience …
… observe the awareness ...
… observe the existence …
… observe breathing in ...
… observe breathing out …
… observe the here …
… observe the now …
… observe the world …
… observe the universe …
… observe the sights …
… observe the sounds …
… observe the smells …
… observe the tastes …
… observe the textures …
… observe the thoughts …
… observe the theater …
… observe the timeless …
… observe the spaceless …
… observe the nonduality …
… observe the infinite …
… observe the infinitesimal …
… observe the intangible …
… observe the mystery …
… observe the impenetrable …
… observe the unconditional …
… observe the indefinable …
… observe the undeniable …
… observe the unborn …
… observe the undying …
… observe the stillness …
… observe the silence ...
… observe the emptiness …
… observe the aloneness …
… observe the indelible …
… observe the immeasurable …
… observe the ineffable …
... observe the entirety …
… observe the singularity …
… observe the moment …
… observe eternity …
… observe You …

* * * *

The man who suffers, suffers because he dips his toe in and out of the pool of awareness.
What a challenge to harbor in the quietude of totality's moment,
When the world calls again and again.
With every temptation imagination has to offer.

* * * *

So many ways to fill this mystery theater continuum, if all you are doing is living.
All we two-leggeds are, is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsicality.
How can anything but a quiet, still, serene mind, truly embrace the eternal moment?
No point holding on to what was neither here nor there in the first place.

Soundbites

The embodiment of silence is the arch-nemesis of imagination.

* * * *

A quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness really nothing more than distracting noise.

* * * *

The minions of imagination whirl in a cacophony of chaos.

* * * *

How can anything but a quiet, still, serene mind, truly embrace the eternal moment?

* * * *

The great silence stills tongues.

Breadcrumbs

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides me,
Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that I have offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.
No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.
Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

2025 (Under Construction)

Leftovers

Would that I, were as silent, as serene,
As these too many words suggest.
Indeed, I am just another lie,
Babbling about nothing.

* * * *

The inward awakening is a quiet revolution.
When you are free, it is a silent declaration.

* * * *

Silence.
Even thinking of it.
Even trying to attain it.
Even trying to be it,
Denies it.

As Minch Yoda astutely said to Luke Skywalker:
No. Try not. Do ... or do not. There is no try.

* * * *

To be unutterably, unfathomably silent,
Is to disregard, to ignore, the world, the universe,
You every given moment, through imagination, differentiate.
It is a quality of awareness, a quality of attentiveness,
A quality of prior-to-consciousness beingness,
Aligned solely with the eternal moment.

Soundbites

Silence tends to be filled with noise, when not given full attention.

* * * *

Silence is its own noise.

* * * *

Silence is the brass ring, for all those who would know they are eternity.

* * * *

Silence, even thinking of it, even trying to attain it, even trying to be it, denies it.

* * * *

It is all noise, until it is silence.

* * * *

The sound of silence reigns in a steadfast mind.

* * * *

Whether in tranquility or turmoil, You are the silence observing the senses.

* * * *

Build silence into your daily routines; go placidly amid the noise and haste.

* * * *

The ocean chatters away in the crash of every wave, but does all the roaring noise really mean anything?

* * * *

Out in the quiet of nature, the cacophony of the human world, becomes utterly irrelevant.

* * * *

The great silence of the ancients, was probably because they had so much less absurdity to unravel.

* * * *

Silence is the eternal companion; a priceless birthright prior to all value.

* * * *

Even in a space chock-full of noise, there is the silence within and without.

Breadcrumbs

Would that I, were as silent, as serene,
As these too many words suggest.
Indeed, I am just another lie.

* * * *

Would that I, were as silent, as serene, as these too many words suggest; indeed, I am just another lie.

The Return to Wonder

V
No pleasure or pain can ever touch what you really are.
Even in the face of torturous physical suffering,
Detached awareness is quiet witness.

* * * *

Quietly accept what is offered.
Do not seek anything requiring extremes.
Travel a path of moderation.

VIII
One day you will perhaps find craving,
Other than for the most essential necessities,
Slowly, quietly, without fanfare, just burns itself out.

XII
To give attention to the ephemeral eternal moment
Is a busy-busy, measuring-measuring mind's most arduous task.
The imaginary past and its countless projected futures stoke far too much passion
For the quietude of eternity to be allotted its true autonomy.

XIII
Some call it this, some call it that.
Words, words, words; sounds given conceptual overlays.
The nothingness given meaning, given purpose; identity it neither needs nor requires.
The busy-busy cacophony of the human mind's unceasing obsession,
With re-hashing everything in its own muddle.

XVI
The mind-body identity ever seeks fulfillment.
It is the intertwining of insatiable desires and trammeling fears.
The quietude of awareness is the oblivion of origin,
Well prior to all mortal trepidations.

Dive beneath the choppy waves of the mind's reefs,
Into the silent, serene depths of eternal beingness.

XXI
Expand into the quietude of no other.

* * * *

It is that essence, that quietude, that awareness within, that you must embrace.

XXIII
Attachment to any teacher or teaching,
To any philosophy or organization,
Creates a separation, a denial that truth,
May manifest in a diverse infinity of appearances.
Only the silent ear and the inner eye witnesses their total reality.

XXIV
Whether in tranquility or turmoil, You are the silence observing the senses.

XXVI
When it is identity looking through your eyes, there is an angst.
When it is isness, there is simply a stillness, a silent awareness.

* * * *

As far as your vision dares travel,
You will see the reality of absoluteness,
The quiet serenity you truly ever are.

XXIX
How slowly can you chew and breathe and walk?
How still can you sit? How silently can you witness?

XXX
You can continue meditating and wandering quietly about, once you have awoken to the eternal nature;
But for many, realization is too pleasant a vintage, not to want to offer a round to those you happen upon.

XXXII
The answer to hell is silent stillness.

* * * *

Even in a space chock-full of noise,
There is the silence within and without.

* * * *

In those quiet moments,
When You are offstage alone,
Do You remove the mask within?

* * * *

The delusional mind is so easily distracted by chatter,
So willingly eager to babble about anything and everything,
In its avoidance of the timelessly silent aloneness within.

XXXIV
It is your longing for truth that manifests the silence.

XXXV
Could desire, anger, fear, or any other passion, exist,
But for the movement of consciousness, of imagination,
Cast in the silent, still, relativity of momentary awareness?

* * * *

At first you may dread the silence of a free mind.

* * * *

How many live now in past or future?
Rarely do the many fathom the bliss of eternity,
As its silence is ever still, right beneath the nose of time.

XXXVII
Most people in this conflict-ridden world
Would be content to have a quiet, simple life.
A relatively small handful make that very difficult.

* * * *

Our misuse of the mind,
Denies us the quiet serenity,
Of living, naturally, spontaneously.

* * * *

How challenging it is to surrender,
The noise of consciousness,
To its silent origin.

* * * *

Discern the silence of sound,
The blandness of taste,
The blindness of sight,
The numbness of touch,
The odorlessness of smell.

XL
The creatures of the sea surely know a serenity,
Only the quiet depths of the ocean can provide.

XLI
If you sit quietly, attentive to your greatest enemy,
You will discern you have everything in common.

XLIV
Sit quietly, dying to each moment;
Giving yourself to the stillness,
Of the eternal well within.

XLV
Though we all know the movie must end,
In the weaving of the storyline, we do partake,
Until the kaleidoscoping screen again becomes silent.

* * * *
When you are free, it is a silent declaration.

XLVIII
Consciousness quiets down through a yearning for simplicity and peace.

XLIX
To realize the ineffably unfathomable, is the awareness of that which distinguishes no differences.
It is the quiet drunk of the mystery-realized; of the mystics, the seers, the sages.
Call them whatever you will, all are served at the same bar.

LII
A quiet celibacy in every arena, is the natural outcome of no longer wanting.

LIV
The inward awakening is a quiet revolution.

LV
The earth is akin to a particle of dust,
Spinning in the grand silence of space,
In this sojourner's dreamtime vision.

LVI
Many seem to latch onto the fallacious terrors of every sort of superstition.
Mystical covenants with esoteric, ethereal, immortal, powerful, all-seeing beings.
Deities and angels and demons, generally capable of warding off evil or advancing good.
Ignorance finds every conceivable way to cope with whatever world imagination has concocted.
And the awareness – indivisible, untouchable, immaculate – silent witness within all.

LX
And the noise of imagination filled the garden's silence.

LXV
Discern the silence from which all imagination springs.

LXIX
Smoke wafts silently into the non-existence of all.

LXXV
Nothing can ever be proved.
The best you can do is sit quietly,
Realize that you are the proof,
Then wander on and find,
Some wood to chop,
Water to carry.

LXXVIII
Silence is the streaming without conceptual static.

* * * *

Silence is heaven's greatest orchestration.

LXXXIV
When ego moves around and about,
There is ceaseless activity, ceaseless drama.
Where there is anonymity, only the silent take notice.

LXXXV
The sanctity of the temple within,
Is the simple, pure austerity,
Of its infinite silence.

LXXXVI
What ignorance can do with a little philosophy,
Can ofttimes make one wish s/he had kept silent.

LXXXVIII
Such a quiet state of indifference sets in.

XCI
Out in the quiet of nature,
The cacophony of the human world,
Becomes utterly irrelevant.

* * * *

Let silence be your voice.

XCII
Where to go once every assumption, every conclusion, is exposed to question?
One becomes very still, very silent, in the facelessness of the inevitable answer.

XCVII
Hear ye Eden in your silence?

* * * *

Beauty holds out much longer if steeped in silence.

XCIX
Aphorisms are not necessarily poetic.
They often sound foolish when read aloud.
They are most useful for quiet, solitary reflection.

C
Those relatively few across time, across space,
Who have pondered things deeply,
Have a quiet kinship.

CI
Silence is its own reward.

* * * *
Self-absorbed silence is the final destination.

CIII
A quiet feast by most standards.

CIV
You cannot discern mind,
Through the screen of thoughts;
Only through the silence of its origin.

CV
The noise of experience gives over,
To the silence of experiencing.
The murky puddle of consciousness,
Gives itself over to the clarity of awareness.

CVI
Even the om goes silent.

CVII
Surrender to the eternal reality; plug into the silence of it all.

* * * *
This moment of serenity was brought to you,
By a quiet, desireless, fearless, detached mind.

CXI
Even wisdom becomes noise; nothing more than conceptual entertainment.

CXII
When attachments to space-time's illusion fall away,
The witness becomes absorbed by the eternal silence.

CXIII
It is silence that is golden.

* * * *
Relax, if you cannot manage it on your own,
Death will permanently silence you soon enough.

CXIV
Here you are biding your time quietly,
In the soliloquy of this moment's passing,
Until the inevitable need for action requires,
You to move on to another part of the set.

CXV
How can you fathom the surrender required?
It is You, You are it; That which is unknowable.
Surrender to the immeasurable eternal silence.
Offer everything you imagine real and true.

CXVII

No matter how you struggle,
You cannot explain this mystery
To someone who cannot hear.
You may as well be silent.

* * * *
Dance or sit, walk or run, sing or stay silent; it is all the same.

* * * *
Surrender and the silence is ineffably immutable.
Even amid the greatest storms of conscious design.

CXX
It is all swallowed by the oblivion of the silence eternally still.

CXXIII
Is silence ignorance?
Is silence wisdom?
Is it both between or beyond
All boundaries of limited distinction?

CXXIX
Whether locked or open, the door will speak quietly.

CXXXIII
Be silent, and enjoy the serenity.

CXXXIII
Build silence into your daily routine.
Go placidly amid the noise and haste.

CXXXIV
What is sound relative to silence?
What is light relative to darkness?
What is life relative to death?
Transcend all.

CXXXV
No time for silence.

CXXXIX
Is profound silence really any different than noisy silence?

CXLIII
Surrender and the silence just sort of takes over.

CLIV
The sound is silence.

CLIX
Observe at all the vanity and greed,
And you will discern the source of all commotion.
When all the craving subsides into the stillness, into the silence.
You will realize the peace, the serenity, you quest.

CLX
The days feel longer and shorter,
As sun and moon glide silently,
Across the ceiling of this mind.

CLXIII
Who pays attention to the silence, echoing from the corners?

CLXVI
Silence is its own symphony.

CLXVIII
A silent, attentive mind,
Is humming with the setting,
Through which it is kaleidoscoping.

CLXX
The dream passes more silently, as the craving for chatter dissipates.

* * * *
Questions and answers, both come from, and return to, silence.

* * * *
The interacting flow each has,
With people, places, things and ideas,
Is an unfathomable, kaleidoscoping dance.
Step back as far as you can imagine,
And the universe shimmers,
Within a deep silence.

CLXXXV
Meditation is simply learning,
To hold the thoughts, the will, in abeyance,
Until the silence is its own end.

CLXXXVI
If you are one who asks how to serve this needy world,
Pause, be silent, be patient, be attentive, to the given moment.
What is required will mindfully, effortlessly, compassionately, unfold.

CLXXXVII
Who listens to those who are silent?
Who sees past words into the imperishable depths?
Most are transfixed by those who babble so much and say so little.

CXXXIII
Build silence into your daily routines.
Go placidly amid the noise and haste.

CXLVIII
While You quietly whittle down, the world changes ever anew.

CLIV
Inner quiet is a challenge, to which you must surrender.

CLXVII
To be free, you must cast out everything.
Every thought, every contortion of the mind,
Must be supplanted by a quiet, still attentiveness.

CLVIII
Sit quietly, set aside the senses,
And allow the boundaries of the body,
To dissolve into the ethereal abyss of totality

CLXVIII
What is it to rest in the lotus of stillness,
In the quietude free of passion,
Without the concerns,
Of a hectic, time-filled mind?

CLXXVII
Humility is not the artificial arrogance so many practice.
It is a quiet understanding of one's equal standing,
With every form ever concocted in any realm,
Of this divine mirage of heaven and hell.

CLXXXIV
Have pretty much said everything that needed saying.
The mystical uprising is gradually diminishing.
More quiet times in the remaining now.

CXC
Eden, in all the noise of creation,
Was a very serene place, as is any now,
Without the tangled rush of thought unending.

CXCI
Why is the background noise of mind, always insisting you push on; that now is not the place to be?

CXCII
The ocean chatters away in the crash of every wave,
But does all the roaring noise really mean anything?

CXCVI
Bold are the silent ones.

CCV
Hell is a fragmented mind; Heaven a quiet heart.

CCXII
Live quietly,
Spontaneously absolute,
Free of the indigence of existence.

CCXV
Having a quiet mind does not mean you are free.

CCXX
As you do not care for judgments against you,
Others do not care for those you pass onto them.
Judge, and you will provoke similar judgments.
Abide quietly, and you will be treated in kind.

CCXXII
Silence is a state of mind, a quality of mind.

* * * *

There is a time for sound, there is a time for silence.
Knowing who-what-when-where-why-how,
Is for discerners of eternity to be.

CCXXIII
Silence is the eternal companion.
A priceless birthright prior to all value.

CCXXIX
The trick is to fall into the silence without babbling back up.

CCXXIX
The eternal silence,
Is your most constant,
Acquaintance, friend, lover.

CCXXX
So, relax, do with your time,
Whatever the given moment calls.
Sit quietly, walk calmly, sprint boldly.
Dance with irreverent abandon.
Speak clearly, confidently.
Breathe in, breathe out.
Be That which you truly are,
Have always been, and will ever be.

CCXXXIII
It is all the silence of now,
Crowded with the seemingly,
Endless chatter of imagination.

CCXXXVII
To bring about a sense of serenity,
The source of duality must be seen within.
Only a pervading sense of detachment will free any,
From the confusion inherent in the mind.
Manifest the quietude of mystery,
And reality will find its way.

CCXXXVIII
Imagine the profound silence,
Of the many creatures of Eden,
Who never know even one word.

CCXXXIX
It is really just about breathing,
And listening very closely,
To the silence within.

* * * *
Surrender to the silence of the emptiness You are.

CCXLVIII
Live quietly, and avoid whenever possible,
The innumerable things that aid and abet,
Unnecessary suffering of mind and body.

* * * *
The great silence of the ancients,
Probably came about because they had,
So much less absurdity to unravel.

CCL
Words, words, words, on and on they go, until silence, they in some, do gradually sow.

* * * *
No silence in that mind.

* * * *
The cacophony of the human swarm is just short of deafening.

CCLI
Give up all that swirling, vexing passion,
For deep, overriding, unassailable inner serenity.
The simple quietude of contentment is well worth the trade.

CCLII
Christian babble, Muslim babble, Jewish babble, Hindu babble, Shinto babble,
Buddhist babble, Taoist babble … and every other variety of ist-ism babble.
Babble, babble, babble … nothing but ceaseless, cacophonous babble.
Few able to see or hear anything but differences in shade and tone.

CCLIII
A quiet revolution is long overdue.

CCLIV
Declare peace within and without, and a momentous quietude unfolds.

* * * *

In the ethereal awareness of the mind,
All the bubbles and troubles of consciousness,
Evaporate into the quietude of true nature.
Imagination is naught but a brief blip,
In the vast singularity of eternity.

CCLIX
The quietude of which so many speak is prior to all pales.

CCLXI
Mitote: A cacophony of voices in your head, all talking, few if any listening.

CCLXIV
Whether on mountain or in valley or desert or sea,
Whether in countryside or city, whether inside or outside,
Whether surrounded by silence or explosive noise,
You are whatever You are, wherever You are,
As You have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Forget for a moment,
What you believe you look like.
Your name, your thoughts about everything.
Discern the quietude in the abeyance of consciousness,
And linger in that tranquility for as long as the occupied mind allows.
Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out, breathe in …
It is that simple for those who have eyes that see and ears that hear.

CCLXVIII
You think too much, you talk too much; shut up and listen to the silence.

CCLXIX
Drift silent, drift deep.

CCLXXIV
You may play it good, you may play it evil, you may play it somewhere between,
But when the stage empties, when the lights go out, when the hall falls quiet,
It will always be the same awareness dancing alone, timelessly indivisible.

* * * *

Whether through the meander of words,
Music, numbers, silence, or any other medium,
Every attribute existence can tender, is yet another portal,
Through which to mull over this ineffable mystery.

CCLXXV
Touch the sun, wander hell, imagine heaven.
Discern the true reality, be as free as the wind,
And party on, until the music wanes into silence.

CCLXXVI
The existential quantum morass,
Yearning for some peace and quiet,
In its little slice of the grand oblivion.

* * * *

Anonymity, within and without, is a quiet, blissful existence.
Who really for long craves a paparazzi-driven fan base?

CCLXXVIII
Picture the Titanic racing across the Atlantic, and the final seconds,
Before the iceberg begins ripping through the paper-thin hull,
The lookouts crying out, “Iceberg ahead! Iceberg ahead!”
And only the rare hearken because the cacophony,
Is too absorbing, too enticing, too blinding,
To make the paradigm shift required,
For all to survive the sinking.
Now, what are you going to do,
To survive the relatively few moments ahead,
And, if you do survive, to make certain it does not happen again.

CCLXXXIII
What need hath the mystery for light or sound, or even dark or silence?

CCLXXXV
In a quiet mind, the only noise is the true voice.

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!